

DEC 14 1939

# SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL JOURNAL WAR BULLETIN.



November, 1939

VOL. I. No. 2.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

## INDEX.

	Page		Page
The New Order ... ..	13	A Paean in Praise of all Bart's Men. By Hogarth	20
Finance ... ..	14	Robert Greene ... ..	21
Correspondence ... ..	14	Excerpts ... ..	23
Paralysis Following Pasteur Inoculation Against Rabies. By Dr. Francis Clarke	15	The Invasion. By "The Rajah" ...	24
Dr. Harvey Cushing ... ..	17	Sector News ... ..	25
"Sir, You Mistake Me" ... ..	18	Book Reviews ... ..	29
Poem by R.B.P. ... ..	19	Births, Marriages and Deaths ...	29



INSURANCE

TELEPHONE

WHItchall 6161 where  
there is an efficient  
organisation ready to  
deal with all your  
enquiries

CAR & GENERAL

INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83 PALL MALL, S.W.1

# CHURCHILL'S STANDARD BOOKS

## THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF SURGERY

By W. H. C. ROMANIS, M.B., F.R.C.S.,  
and  
PHILIP H. MITCHNER, C.B.E., M.S.,  
F.R.C.S.

6th Edition. 800 Illustrations. 2 Vols. 28s.

"This excellent text-book needs little recommendation. It has proved its worth, and has now held its place for many years as a guide to the student preparing both for qualifying and higher examinations."  
—THE LANCET.

## MEDICINE Essentials for Practitioners and Students

By G. E. BEAUMONT, D.M., F.R.C.P.,  
D.P.H.

3rd Edition. 74 Illustrations. 21s.

"We regard this publication as the most valuable recent book contribution to medicine."  
—EDINBURGH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

## THE SCIENCE AND ART OF JOINT MANIPULATION

By JAMES MENNELL, M.D., B.C.

Vol. I: The Extremities.  
284 Illustrations. 18s.

"The book deserves to be read by all who are interested in the restoration of full function after injury."  
—THE LANCET.

## STARLING'S PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY

7th Edition. Edited and Revised by

C. LOVATT EVANS, D.Sc.,  
F.R.C.P., F.R.S.

554 Illustrations, 6 in Colour. 24s.

"Among works of reference 'Starling's Principles of Human Physiology' is irreplaceable, and the medical profession is under an increasing debt to the editors for maintaining it constantly up to date."  
—GLASGOW MEDICAL JOURNAL.

## THE OPERATIONS OF SURGERY

By R. P. ROWLANDS, M.S., F.R.C.S.,  
and  
PHILIP TURNER, B.Sc., F.R.C.S.

8th Edition.  
Vol. I. 435 Illustrations. 38 in Colour. 36s.  
Vol. II. 514 Illustrations. 4 in Colour. 36s.

"The book remains one of the best guides to operative surgery in the English language."  
—THE BRITISH JNL. OF SURGERY.

## Eden and Holland's MANUAL OF OBSTETRICS

By EARDLEY HOLLAND, M.D.,  
F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.O.G.

8th Edition. 12 Plates (5 Coloured) and  
398 Text-figures.

"It is certainly up to date in every respect and will undoubtedly retain its position in the forefront of British text-books of obstetrics."  
JOURN. OF OBSTET. AND GYN.

## DISEASES OF THE EYE

By SIR JOHN PARSONS, C.B.E., D.Sc.,  
F.R.C.S., F.R.S.

9th Edition. 21 Plates, 20 in Colour,  
360 Text-figures. 18s.

"The ninth edition of this admirable text-book is a worthy successor to those which preceded it. . . . Once more we should like to extend our thanks and hearty congratulations to the author."  
—BRITISH JOURNAL OF OPHTHALMOLOGY.

## A TEXTBOOK OF GYNÆCOLOGY

By WILFRED SHAW, M.D., F.R.C.S.,  
F.R.C.O.G.

2nd Edition. 4 Coloured Plates and 253  
Text-figures. 18s.

"It is a first-class and lucid presentation of sane and sound gynaecological practice of to-day. . . . will, doubtless, continue its wide appeal, and further editions are certain to be required."  
—JOURNAL OF OBSTET. AND GYN.

## APPLIED PHARMACOLOGY

By A. J. CLARK, M.C., M.D.,  
F.R.C.P., F.R.S.

6th Edition. 83 Illustrations. 18s.

"It summarises in a masterly way the most recent available knowledge on the subject of all the useful drugs. . . . remains, as it has been for fourteen years, the most useful book on the action and use of drugs written in the English language."  
—THE IRISH JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

## A TEXTBOOK OF SURGICAL PATHOLOGY

By C. F. W. ILLINGWORTH, M.D.,  
F.R.C.S.Ed., and  
B. M. DICK, M.B., F.R.C.S.Ed.

3rd Edition. 299 Illustrations. 36s.

"This book is the best English text-book on Surgical Pathology, and students and practitioners alike will find it a most useful volume."  
—THE MEDICAL PRESS AND CIRCULAR.

## FORENSIC MEDICINE A Textbook for Students and Practitioners

By SYDNEY SMITH, M.D., F.R.C.P.

6th Edition. 169 Illustrations. 24s.

"The book is an excellent exposition of the subject. . . . full in text and very complete in description. . . . well illustrated and readable."  
—THE GLASGOW MEDICAL JOURNAL.

## DISEASES OF INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD

By WILFRID SHELDON, M.D., F.R.C.P.

2nd Edition. 125 Text-figures and 13 Plates.  
21s.

"This book should appeal not only to medical students and practitioners, but to those interested in children's diseases. . . . it may be looked upon as being the most up-to-date treatise on diseases of children."  
—THE MEDICAL PRESS.

## THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S TEXTBOOK OF OBSTETRICS

By Members of the Clinical Staff of the  
Hospital.

5th Edition. 4 Coloured Plates and 293 Text-  
figures. 21s.

"One of the most valuable volumes on this subject which the medical student and general practitioner can possess. . . . The previous high standard is well maintained."  
—THE PRACTITIONER.

## TAYLOR'S PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

15th Edition. Revised and Edited by  
E. P. POULTON, D.M., F.R.C.P., and  
Collaborators.

71 Plates. (16 Coloured) and 104 Text-  
figures. 28s.

"... is still the leading text-book in the English language."  
—THE MEDICAL PRESS.

## CHEMICAL METHODS IN CLINICAL MEDICINE

By G. A. HARRISON, M.D., B.Ch.,  
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

2nd Edition. 3 Coloured Plates and 86 Text-  
figures. 21s.

"Has undeniable claims to first place in any list of books on chemical pathology."  
—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

# ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S



## HOSPITAL JOURNAL

### WAR BULLETIN.

Vol. 1. No. 2.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1939,

Price Fourpence.

#### THE NEW ORDER.

CYRIL CONNOLLY wrote a short time ago in the *New Statesman and Nation*: "One excellent counsel I could give writers would be: keep off the War." It sounds simple, but actually it is extremely hard at this time to find anything to write, read or even think about, which is not in some way bound up with the wretched business.

Theatres and other forms of entertainment are few and far between and happen mostly at inconvenient times. For some of us in the farther flung outposts they are almost completely inaccessible. Newspapers—what there is of them and even the best of them—can record nothing but rumours of war; so much so that if you pick up one written the day before yesterday you can easily read the thing through before you notice anything wrong. Things are improving a bit but unless they improve very much more those responsible will be aiding the War god most handsomely in his object of destroying civilisation.

But it is all extremely good for us really because we have had to learn to find our own amusements and order our own leisure—instead of having everything served up for us on a platter. In many it has brought out unbelievable hidden talents; characters have been completely changed; shy and retiring men have blossomed forth into brilliant social lights; introverts have become extroverts, and confirmed misogynists have found life not such a hopeless affair as they had imagined.

In the same way we have done our best not to lose touch with the Subject of Medicine. I think it is true to say that in every hospital in the sector a system of teaching has been evolved which is proving astonishingly successful. The reason is not far to seek. In our normal regimented lives we follow a time-table of teaching which, like our pleasures, is served up for us on a platter. In following it blindly we forget to think. In the new order, the moulding of our education depends almost entirely on ourselves and we can therefore take a much greater interest in it. Osler said: "The old order changeth, and happy those who can change with it." I don't think we have managed too badly in the process of adaptation.

But ever present and preventing us from really settling down is a big shadow of Doubt. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico . . ." Firstly there is the doubt about if and when and how the first air raid is going to take place; nothing can be done about that but, as a natural consequence of it, there is the doubt about our own position—the horrible feeling that any day we shall be told suddenly to quit the grooves we have fashioned for ourselves, pack our belongings once more and set out for some unknown destination. Under such conditions it is very hard to maintain a settled frame of mind. Doubt and Uncertainty are the War god's most powerful satellites. Once they have been removed just a little, then, in our thoughts, our work and our leisure, we will find it easier to "keep off the war."

Medical  
Society  
1-21-40

## FINANCE.

IN the early days of Rome, tax collecting aroused wrath in many a far off province and outpost. The recent impost of 4d. per copy has caused some murmuring in our far flung sector. This point in the history of the Journal seems a suitable occasion to explain its finances.

It is the popular belief that part of each student's life subscription to the Union is passed on to the Journal. This is absolutely untrue: in all its past history no money has ever passed from the Student's Union to the Journal. Two years ago a heavy loss was incurred; for this last year which closed with the September issue a small profit accrued, but the lean year has eaten up the fat year; and to pay off the remainder of our debt the Finance Committee has loaned £100 to the Journal.

To meet a future of greatly diminished income and increased costs, the form and substance has had to be sacrificed and money raised. We appealed to our life subscribers and certain others for a further subscription of 17s. 6d. to cover the period of war: they have responded magnificently and we hope to thank them all individually later on.

From the students it was decided to ask 4d. per copy to help towards the cost of production and to eliminate waste. A resolution was passed at the last meeting of the Students' Union that students were no longer entitled to free copies of the Journal. Those that do not consider it worth 4d. can exercise their will power and refrain from reading it in future!

*The Manager of the Journal.*

Contributions for the December issue should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday, November 15th.

### *Photographic Competition.*

The prize for the October competition was awarded to **M. Bates**. The size of the entry was very disappointing. It is hoped that when our financial position is a little better we shall be able to afford to print photographs showing the different hospitals in the sector and other features of interest. All contributions of this nature will therefore be gratefully received.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor,

St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal.

Dear Sir,

A fortnight ago, whilst on a voyage from the West Indies, a fireman-trimmer came to me with an 8 hours' old strangulated right inguinal hernia. He was suffering with great pain and had vomited,—pulse not too good. His age was 34 years. It would not reduce with ordinary manipulation, so I tried with the aid of Ethyl Chloride Spray: that failed. Then I tried with the patient under chloroform and failed again. We were sailing in convoy with ships carrying at least three other medical men, so near and yet so far, because no ship was allowed to stop. The outlook was not a happy one I think all will agree.

I sent for a block of ice and held this over the lower abdomen and groin; after twenty minutes I began to manipulate again, when to my great relief I realised the swelling was becoming smaller. In about ten minutes it was completely reduced.

This man was told by The Shipping Federation Medical Officer, when "signing on," to get a truss; when I asked him why he had not done so his reply was, "I got drunk instead, Doctor!"

Wishing all those Bart's men who were so kind to me the very best of luck wherever they be,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

GERALD N. MARTIN.

Woodside,  
Amberley,  
Stroud,  
Glos.

14.10.39.

To the Editor, St. Bart's Hospital Journal.

Dear Sir,

I should like to raise an objection about the inclusion of "Marriages" in your last issue, under the heading of "SPORTS NEWS"—and, what is more, as the last item.

Yours etc.,

J.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.1.

### Cloakroom Attendants.

The total sum of money collected as a parting present to Fred, John and Herbert was £38 - 5 - 0, of which the present inhabitants of Bart's contributed £12 - 11 - 9, Friern £5 - 15 - 3 and Hill End £4 - 4 - 6.

## PARALYSIS FOLLOWING PASTEUR INOCULATION AGAINST RABIES.

(A Personal Note).

*(J.N.R.S.'s vivid description of his experiences as a victim of an attack of acute anterior poliomyelitis, in your August issue, prompts me to ask you to record a somewhat similar experience of my own in January, 1925—though from a different cause).*

HAVING spent nearly three years in the somewhat dreary climate of Moukden, Manchuria, my wife and I decided last Autumn that we would return to England at the end of the year and settle down near London to enjoy retirement on a small pension—the fruits of my twenty years' work in Hong-kong.

Accordingly I resigned my appointments to take effect on December 31st, 1924, and booked our passages to Europe by a steamer leaving Dairen on January 2nd. Just before leaving, I received a telegram asking if I would consent to take medical charge of the Chinese Hospital at Wei-hai-wai, and of the few British officials who were administering the territory. My wife and I thought that it would be a pleasant change to spend a year or two in such a delightful health-resort, and I therefore cancelled our passages home; we arrived at that port in mid-December.

On December 30th the subaltern in charge of the platoon of Loyals' (Lancashire Regiment) stationed at Wei-hai-wei (Mr. G.) came to see me at the Hospital to ask if I could do anything for his dog, an Airedale, that had apparently got a bone lodged in its throat, as it was unable to close its mouth. I took a chloroform drop-bottle, some lint and a couple of pairs of long forceps with me and accompanied Mr. G. to his house. The dog was shut in a room but followed us on to the Verandah, and seemed quiet and friendly, but with its mouth held open and a very dry tongue hanging out. I chloroformed the dog and we failed to find any obstruction in the throat; on recovering from the anæsthetic, the dog ran about the garden for a few minutes and then followed his master back to the room. I advised a dose of Castor oil but did not see what else could be done for the animal.

Some 26 hours later Mr. G. reported to me that the dog had just died with signs of paralysis of the hind quarters, and as this strongly suggested "Dumb Rabies" I had

the carcass brought to the Hospital, where I made a P.M. examination, but failed to find any gross lesion which would account for the dog's death. I therefore removed the head, placed it in a glass jar of glycerin, and sent Mr. G. to the Pasteur Institute at Tientsin for anti-rabic treatment, as he had some quite recent scratches on the hand he had placed in the dog's mouth; he took the dog's head with him and left the next morning by steamer. Unfortunately the dog's head was mislaid in Tientsin for a few days. In the meantime we were telegraphing for news of the results of the examination of the dog's brain, and learned on January 5th that no decision could be given for three weeks, as inoculation tests would have to be carried out. It was eventually proved by these tests that the dog had actually died of Rabies.

In view of the fact that the inoculation period of Hydrophobia in man may be as short as three weeks, I left the next morning for Tientsin, as I had a small open wound on the hand I had placed in the dog's mouth. I was accompanied by another Britisher, Mr. J., who had assisted in administering the Castor oil to the dog and whose hands were also not altogether free from scratches; we arrived at our destination at 3 p.m. on January 7th. I at once reported to the Director of the Pasteur Institute (Dr. Lossouarn) and we received our first inoculation at 4-30 p.m. the same day. This was followed by three inoculations a day for three days, then two inoculations a day for three days, and then one inoculation daily; in all I received twenty inoculations and Mr. J. about twenty-two.

During the second week I suffered a good deal from malaise with an afternoon temperature of about 101 deg., loss of appetite, and constipation, the latter being a characteristic result of the inoculations, and on the thirteenth day I found that I was suffering from retention of urine. Thinking this might be due to some slight congestion of the prostate from a chill—the temperature of Tientsin in mid-January averages about 10 deg. below zero F.—I spent the greater part of the afternoon in hot baths in the hope of obtaining relief from the retention, but without avail; about 5-30 p.m. the



Director of the Institute visited me at the Hotel and passed a soft rubber catheter, much to my relief. I remained in bed that evening and on the following morning I awoke to find that the lower half of my body was completely paralyzed. Fortunately my colleague, Mr. J., came to my room to ascertain whether I was accompanying him to the Institute for our usual 9 a.m. inoculation and was able to inform the Director of my plight—with the result that I was promptly removed by ambulance to the Victoria Hospital.

This paraplegic condition is a rare complication of the Pasteur treatment, occurring only once in every 2200 cases and is believed to be due to an acute congestion of the lower part of the spinal cord; but I was assured by the Director that the paralysis would disappear completely in the course of a few weeks and leave no after-effects. I could not help noticing however that he daily tested the strength of my hand-grasp and arm-muscles, to make sure that the paralysis was not extending upwards; had it done so I fear the outcome might not have been as favourable as it has been. The paralysis of my back and legs remained absolute for about three weeks, all reflexes being lost, and I suffered great pain and tenderness in the muscles, with considerable mental and physical depression. However on the twentieth day of the paralysis there appeared the first faint glimmer of returning muscular power, and I was able to raise my left knee an inch or two above the bed; this continued to improve so that by the end of the fourth week I could raise my left leg off the bed and wave it vaguely in the air, but my right leg remained stubborn for another week; the reflexes also did not return until the end of the fifth week. The retention of urine persisted for four weeks and necessitated the passing of a catheter twice daily but, thanks to the care exercised by the Director, who continued to treat me after my removal to Hospital, there was no tendency to cystitis and very little evidence of urethritis. Although it was possible to leave off the catheterization by the end of the fourth week, a urine bottle had to be kept in position for more than another week, for while palpation and percussion of the abdomen showed that the bladder contained between one and two pints of urine, I was only able to pass an ounce or two at a time, the desire recurring at fre-

quent intervals. This was no doubt due to the early fatigue of the slowly recovering muscle of the bladder wall, as the same thing was noticeable in connection with the movements of my legs. After a rest I was able to lift my leg and wave it in the air; at a second attempt the leg could only be lifted about half the same extent and a third attempt frequently failed altogether.

By the end of the sixth week I was able with considerable effort to turn from side to side in bed, but was still unable to stand alone; my attempts at walking with someone holding me on either side were markedly ataxic. Massage had been commenced about the middle of the fourth week of the paralysis, as there was considerable wasting of the muscles of the legs and buttocks, and electric baths were tried after the sixth week.

Although sixty years of age I had fortunately never had any serious illness and consequently my organs were all sound. During the first five days after admission to Hospital my evening temperature ran up to about 101 deg. with a corresponding increase of pulse rate, but after this the temperature remained normal, pulse 74 to 80, urine normal, blood pressure 130-90.

I should add that neither Mr. G. nor Mr. J. developed any untoward symptoms and both returned to duty before the end of January. I left the Hospital on March 19th and returned to Wei-hai-wei, where I was able to resume duty at the end of the month.

After my recovery I was able to do four years hard work as principal civil medical officer of Wei-hai-wei and retired in 1929 at the age of 65.

The only permanent disabilities resulting from my illness were paresis of the lower bowel (necessitating a daily enema) and some paresis of the bladder, and in 1933 it was decided that the partial retention of urine required the relief of a permanent supra-pubic cystotomy. This was duly performed on August 4th, 1933, and since then I have had to wear a self-retaining supra-pubic catheter (changed every two or three weeks) draining into a urine bag.

I have now passed my 75th birthday, but am able to be up and about all day and still find life pleasant and full of interest.

It is difficult for the finite mind of man to fully grasp the workings of Divine Providence, or to understand why my homeward path was diverted, at the last

moment almost, to Wei-hai-wei and tragedy; but after I emerged from the shadow I had ample leisure to "contemplate on my inevitable destiny, and guide my reflections to the most interesting of all human studies, the knowledge of myself"; and maybe this period of quiet introspection was just what was needed for the welfare of my soul.

FRANCIS CLARKE, M.D.

*"Homeward, homeward as I go,  
The rising sun itself seems slow,  
Till from afar my home I see,  
Look! look! they are expecting me.*

*Shall we alone be thought—subdued?  
Ask whither? Whence? and how and why?  
And whimper when 'tis time to die?  
I'm ready now—Content to stay,  
I can enjoy each pleasant day  
And lengthen out the sun-lit hours  
Among my happy garden flowers."*

*(From a translation by D. A. Wilson of a Chinese Poem written by Tao Chien, who died A.D. 427. It describes the return to his ancestral home of an aged Chinese Official who had borne the heat and burden of the day in far-distant parts of the vast land of China).*

We have just learnt that Dr. Clarke has recently undergone a serious operation. We should like to wish him a very speedy return to health.

## DR. HARVEY CUSHING.

PROFESSOR G. E. GASK writes:

When in 1922 Cushing came to Bart's as temporary Director of the Surgical Unit his charm and personality endeared him to us all and his inspiration has remained with us ever since.

He was given the honorary Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons and honours and degrees were showered on him from universities all over the world. But unlike some great men Cushing was not an individualist; he had the capacity of radiating freely and generously. Nothing pleased him more than to put all his knowledge, wisdom and technique at the disposal of the willing student. As a result students flocked from all parts of the world to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital at Boston, where he had established a school of neurological surgery, in both senses of the term, which will live after him and prove a monument more enduring than brass.

Though American to the core Cushing's frequent visits to this country and his personal friendships in England brought him so close to us that we thought of him as one of ourselves. During the Great War

he worked alongside us in our medical formations at the Front. He has written an account of his experiences in a book called "From a Surgeon's Log."

Of his other literary productions and of the many manifestations of his wide interest in the History of Medicine, in books and in fine arts, we cannot here speak. The world is the richer and the better for his life and we are thankful for all our remembrances of him.

PROFESSOR PATERSON ROSS writes:

Every student knows Harvey Cushing's contributions to surgery and endocrinology, yet it is as difficult for me to write an appreciation of him as it is to find words to express my deep emotion. From the moment of my arrival in Boston to work in his clinic he treated me more as a son than as a visitor from abroad, and since that time I have been conscious of his influence in countless matters both great and small, in the daily round of private as well as professional life, that I have felt almost as though he were constantly at my elbow giving help, advice and encouragement. No words of mine can tell of the personal loss many are feeling, now that we shall never again hear that rich deep voice, and see that charming but commonly mischievous smile.

I suppose that what impressed us most in the Chief was his dogged determination to follow out to the uttermost whatever he believed to be right, however much it might cost. In Surgery he set himself to achieve the highest standard in what he laid down as the fundamental principles of good technique—asepsis, gentleness and the control of hæmorrhage. His hands seemed rather large for his delicate work, and he knew that if he hurried he might be clumsy—so he didn't hurry. If in the course of dissecting out a tumour he met large numbers of vessels, this meant the patient and deliberate control of every one of them, however long it might take to do it; for he didn't believe in dangerous short cuts. Safer surgery may not be spectacular and may even be tedious, but he followed out his principles in spite of criticism, until the answer to his critics was provided by the results of his work. One of his favourite sayings was "It's dogged as does it."

Cushing earned a world-wide reputation as a surgical specialist among the pioneers



who have striven to forge the vital link between the craft of Surgery and the sciences of Physiology and Pathology . . . I would rather try to say something about the man as we knew him.

He showed an astounding breadth of interest in life as a whole, and not only in the life of the present day, for he was passionately fond of ferreting out anecdotes about the medical men of bygone ages, especially accounts which revealed their character rather than their achievements. He had a remarkable faculty for associating persons with their circumstances—for instance, he once showed me an old diary he had kept of an early visit to London (and his first, I think, to Bart's) in which was a note about the Warden's house, where Matron now lives: "A little house with a very noisy street outside—no wonder Paget could work late into the night!" . . .

The memory of the Chief will be kept evergreen in the hearts of the large number of the younger generation who had the privilege of working with him, and who are now spread over all quarters of the globe doing their best to follow his ideals. His was a hard school, for his assistants were judged by the same standards he set for himself, yet every man who worked for him not only admired his courage and skill, and gained inspiration from his example, but also came to love the man for himself. His charming home circle, his love of books, his fondness for games, and his enjoyment of the companionship of his many friends filled his life with human interest. He had a real affection for this country and for this Hospital, of whose Medical College he was a perpetual student,

and the many Bart's men who knew him will cherish his memory.

*Some weeks before his death we received the following note from Mr. G. L. Keynes:*

The College Library has recently received a copy of *A Bibliography of the Writings of Harvey Cushing*, compiled by Dr. John Fulton, Professor of Physiology at Yale, for the celebration of Dr. Cushing's seventieth birthday, April 8th, 1939. This was marked by three days' festivities organized by The Harvey Cushing Society, and the occasion typified the whole-hearted way in which the American medical profession honours its great men even during their lifetimes. The *Bibliography* records most of Dr. Cushing's achievements. He became an Honorary Perpetual Student of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1922, and his other degrees and honours from 1891 to 1938 number nearly 150 and were awarded to him by almost every civilised country in the world. In the years 1898 to 1938 he produced 24 books and 306 original papers and addresses. Another 328 papers were issued by his associates in clinics and laboratories. Dr. Cushing has modestly referred to this *Bibliography* as merely "evidence of over-spilled ink." It is common knowledge however that the standard of work which Dr. Cushing has always kept before him has ensured that none of this huge output was superfluous. His books on the pituitary body and cerebral tumours are already classical, and his *Life of Sir William Osler* is one of the most remarkable biographical studies ever written. St. Bartholomew's Hospital is proud of its Hon. Perpetual Student. . .

### "SIR, YOU MISTAKE ME . . ."

My first school report was not too bad. Such trifles as "backward for his age" and "might do better if he tried" were nothing compared with the scurrilous attacks upon my knowledge which were to become so common in after years. But there was one thing which caused my parents some distress and, looking into the future, well it might. My headmaster confined himself to calligraphy in reporting on my general progress and conduct: "His writing," he said, "has a distressing resemblance to the tracings produced by the eight legs of a

spider, that creature, when intoxicated, having been rescued from an inkwell."

Well I fulfilled my early promise. Sister Ranunculus Bulbosus (Buttercup) said my writing was worse than that of Mr. G—, and, if her experience was anything to go by, I'd be qualified in no time.

It wasn't long before I became acquainted with the well established popular belief that members of the medical profession refrain from writing their notes in English. "If I didn't know," said the man with the fractured femur, "that you doctors always work

in Latin, nothing would stop me from crawling to the bottom of my bed to read what you've said about me."

The origin of such a suggestion doesn't matter but I've often wondered how it came to be still so generally accepted a fact. I soon learnt. A man whom I'd seen as an out-patient came back sheepishly to say "Excuse me doctor, could you tell me what's the matter with me? I thought I could find out by reading what you wrote on my card, but I didn't know you wrote it all in Latin."

We all know people who suffer from "a touch of the gastric." It was never my privilege to meet the lady who had been treated by her doctor for years on account of her having "renal kidneys," but we once met a patient who complained bitterly about "the pleurisy in me 'ead, doctor." Crude indeed appears the man who, as a boy, had suffered from "tubercolossus," but his story is improved considerably by the interesting piece of information that his father died "from consumption."

Dressers are all poor fools, so it was with delight that we read an H.P.'s note on the patient who, he wrote, "has been run down a lot this year."

It is curious to note the effect that certain technical terms have on patients; no one minds having an "adeno-carcinoma," but the strongest heart falters at the word "tumour." We once heard of the old lady who, terrified that she had broken her leg, was immensely relieved to be informed by an understanding doctor that it was only a fracture.

There was also the man whose leg had been incautiously immobilised in plaster for a month. He was much upset to hear the H.S. say that he had got ankle drop and, on appealing to myself, had his fears dispelled by the information that it was merely *Talipes Decubitus*.

Even now I blush with shame when I recall the unfortunate occasion on which I inadvertently knocked off the wig of an old woman: "O dear," she cried, "now they all know." I tried to comfort her but she proceeded rapidly to die from a variety of causes of which shock can hardly have been the least.

One stumbles on the truth sometimes—even I so have done: I once had to write up a case in a great hurry and for the words "under the care of Mr. X—" I scribbled "under c/o Mr. X—" By chance the "c/o" came at the end of a fresh line and so was naturally misread as the conventional "c/o"—"complaining of." The point lies in the fact that this Mr. X— had removed this person's rectum owing to some slight technical misunderstanding, it being, so the pathologists declared, entirely "non-pathological."

In life we are told that tragedy and comedy are very close together, and so they were in a man with malignant hypertension who earnestly begged me to perform a bi-lateral orchidectomy which he was convinced would cure him. No doubt it would—but convention was too strong.

ANON.

The following verses, hitherto unpublished, are by R.B.P., the celebrated author of "*Staphylococcus Aureus*," and other classics of *Round the Fountain*.

They are not quite complete, but it is hoped that some readers may be able to supply the missing lines, and that if so they will send them to the Editor.

#### I.

When I first served my term on the HERRINGHAM firm

And clerked 'neath the orange red banner,  
I soon learned the art of percussing the heart

In the orthodox HERRINGHAM manner.

At first I was shy, and one finger would try,  
But then by degrees I grew bolder,

Gave up using my wrist, and with firmly clenched fist

Learned to hit out straight from the shoulder.

Peace, peace, oh for some peace.

Though patients are startled and jump,  
Though coughs may get worse, empyemas disperse

'Neath the orthodox HERRINGHAM thump.

#### II.

I once had a chill and felt horribly ill

And thought I was nearing autopsy.

I felt every sign of a rapid decline,

And determined to go and see DROPSY.

Now although you can't tell, as a rule, very well

What physicians may think, from their  
faces,  
Yet I knew he had guessed what was wrong  
with my chest

From his indiarubber grimaces.

Peace, peace, oh for some peace.

Of phthisis I found I'd no trace,

Which shews you may err, if you too  
much infer

From an indiarubber grimace.

### III.

Though aware that his name was entitled  
to fame,

I little did think what a shock would  
Await me on dressing for so prepossessing

A surgeon as CHARLES BARRETT LOCK-  
WOOD.

I shall never forget the first time that we  
met,

And was filled with intense admiration  
At the picturesque way he addressed me  
that day

## A PÆON IN PRAISE OF ALL BART.'S MEN.

Unique abode where Beauty joins with  
Brain

To exercise an undisputed reign.

Hail! beauteous countenance whose classic  
lines

Send shivers down four hundred female  
spines:

Hail GEOFFREY! Evolution's masterpiece;  
Happy is Bart.'s to have such men as these.  
Most happy, for the looks of many doctors  
Inspire the students with alarm, like  
proctors.

Here, too, another GEOFFREY day by day  
Fervently leads his little flock astray;

A pious band

Who, all attentive, under him sit and try  
to understand

While he attributes with ecstatic howls  
The most peculiar functions to the bowels.

The MEDICAL UNIT hastens to procure  
Cases—almost incredibly obscure;  
And SCOTT and SCOWEN daily hold the floor  
With diagnostic riddles by the hour.

Whilst WILFRED's finger easily detects  
Truly astonishing congenital defects,  
In theatre H the afternoon is full  
With almost complete exenteration of the  
skull.

When I sneezed at my first operation.

Peace, peace, oh for some peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

### IV.

If I fell on my head and were picked up  
for dead

When I came to myself after falling,  
I hope I should find I had not been trephined  
By that eminent specialist RAWLING.

For though after such fall, I have no doubt  
at all

One's head would feel terribly bumpy,  
Yet better some pain than a badly mauled  
brain

'Neath the fidgety fingers of JUMPY.

Peace, peace, oh for some peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

There's no need to be dull

With a hole in your skull

And JUMPY to stir up your brain.

R.B.P., circa 1910.

Consider now with interested eye  
Th' activities of the intellectual fry,  
Who weekly meet and weekly loudly sing  
The praises of the Socialistic Wing  
And, 'midst a universal jubilation,  
Endorse the views of *New Statesman and  
Nation*.

They discuss  
Things that would not be understood by us;  
Such things as Art and Sex and Syphilis,  
And whether this be that or that be this,  
And thus the evening hours of conversation  
Pleasantly pass, in mutual admiration.  
All arguments to one conclusion tend—  
A bed's a weary place without a friend.

And now, my Muse, assist me to portray  
Men of a very different sort of clay,  
And in particular those who stand or fall  
In the pursuance of a rugby ball.  
Their success  
Is sometimes more and sometimes rather  
less.

Victorious or defeated, either state  
With wine and song alike they celebrate.  
Some returning early from the fray  
Joyfully vomit in the passage-way;

While others with shrieks torment th'  
indignant air  
And dance around the Fountain in the  
Square.  
Which goes, I think, to show how badly  
He erred who said we take our pleasures  
sadly.

Enough! Let me now cease my ribald chaff  
And sing the praises of the NURSING STAFF:  
Daughters of the Gods, with Tennysonian  
air,  
Divinely tall and most divinely fair.  
Their natural charm  
They use completely to disarm  
The HOUSEMEN, who believing that the  
Square  
Contains the very finest sort of air,  
Vary the usual evening's intoxication

With mutually satisfactory osculation.

But time, alas, is passing, and my verse,  
The longer it proceeds becomes the worse.  
Night follows night and day another day;  
Earth's proudest empires pass upon their  
way.

BART.'s shall remain when nothing else is  
there,

Quibbling diagnostically in the Square.

Unique abode! May Beauty here with  
Brain

Continue everlastingly to reign.

HOGARTH.

*(Both these poems, the first of a past  
generation and the second of the present,  
have hitherto failed to pass the censor).*

## ROBERT GREENE.

By DR. WILFRED SHAW.

THE Parish Register of St. Bartholomew's the Less contains the following entry for the year 1586:—

"The xvijth of februarye was maryed Wilde otherwise . . . Grene unto Elizabeth Taylor."

The entry was first described by J. Payne Collier over 100 years ago, who suggested that the bridegroom was Robert Greene the poet. Here is one of Greene's poems, *Maesia's Song*:

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,  
The quiet mind is richer than a crown,  
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,  
The poor estate scorn's fortune's angry frown.  
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep,  
such bliss.

Beggars enjoy, when Princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,  
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,  
The mean that grees with country music best,  
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare:  
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss:  
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

which illustrates Greene's ability as a poet. The better known *Sephestria's Song*, "Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee," is included in most anthologies. Green's influence on English literature is of prime importance. He introduced the Italian style of comedy into Elizabethan plays, he showed the effectiveness of female parts in drama, and he was perhaps the father of the English novel. His versa-

tility must command respect, he was prolific in his compositions and could turn out a love pamphlet with the best of the Elizabethans at short notice.

His private life was disgraceful yet his dissipations alternated with phases of remorse, and there is no vice in any of his written works. His death seems to have been started by a surfeit of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine. The illness lasted about a month and Greene complained of pain in his belly. He had diarrhoea, yet "still his belly swelled and never left swelling upward, until it swelled him at the heart and in his face. The sickness did not greatly weaken him but that he walked to his chair and back again the night before he departed." Poor Robin Greene admitted to alcoholism and syphilis so that he may have died from cirrhosis.

Greene's poetry, his plays, his life and the manner of his death have always appealed to me in a curious way which is difficult to explain. He had none of the majesty of diction of Christopher Marlowe, and as a poet he never attained the heights reached on occasion by Lodge, Sylvester, Barnefield and Michael Drayton amongst the minor Elizabethans. But in my view he outstripped them all with the exception of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson in versatility and intellect.

Apart from a doubtful allusion by Spenser, Green was the first of the Elizabethan men of letters to mention Shakespeare when he refers to "the upstart crow," to his "ability to bombast out a blank verse with the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country." This passage in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" has been analysed time after time and all kinds of interpretations of Greene's meaning have been offered. I have been an amateur student of Elizabethan literature for more than twenty years and indeed I knew of Collier's record of the entry in the Parish Register before I ever saw our Hospital. I think that the available evidence proves that Greene had met Shakespeare, when Marlowe, Greene and Shakespeare collaborated in revising Henry VI. Most probably, Greene became suffused with jealousy at Shakespeare's phenomenal versatility and quite naturally he could not comprehend how Shakespeare without any University education successfully competed with both himself and Marlowe. For myself I have believed for a long time that Shakespeare was capable of dictating without any effort at all most of his blank verse. There is historical proof that he rarely blotted out a line and most of the Sonnets are clearly spontaneous effusions, effortlessly produced when the spirit moved him. If this view is accepted it is easy to understand Green's jealousy, for Greene himself approached this level. In modern times, Winston Churchill has shown what this technique can do. I believe I am correct in saying that most of his "Marlborough" with its glorious prose was dictated.

But to return to the Parish Register. Dr. G. B. Harrison has shown that the entries were made at the end of each year by a scribe appointed by the Vicar, Wm. Hall. The entry recorded by Collier is most interesting, for the Christian name of the bridegroom has been deleted and although emendations are common in the Register there is no other example of complete deletion. Furthermore, whoever had a Christian name Wilde? Obviously C. Collier leapt at this entry, for he knew all that there was to know in his time of the private life of Greene and for some reason attributed to Robert Greene the honour of being married at Bart's the Less.

In the last few weeks I have enquired of colleagues and students whether they have heard of Collier and the reply has invariably been in the negative. Collier was a profound student of Elizabethan literature and his contributions were very great indeed. Few men have taken the trouble to investigate the Parish Registers as he did. Yet with all this erudition, enthusiasm and energy, he was dishonest and, with some skill in calligraphy, faked entries and emendations into many of the perfectly original documents he was allowed to investigate—just like a disreputable schoolboy.

Dr. Harrison maintains that Collier was responsible for the deletion of the Christian name of the bridegroom of the Parish entry. With this I agree, mainly because there is no other example of complete deletion. The other corrections found in this part of the Register were probably made by the Vicar himself, for the ink is the same as that of his signature.

It is well known that Greene referred to his wife as "Doll," which conflicts with the "Elizabeth" of the entry. Moreover Churton Collins in his edition of Greene's poems and plays shows that the date 1586 does not accord with what is known historically of Greene's marriage. Incidentally Collins is unnecessarily scathing of Collier's record of the Parish entry and obviously never took the trouble to examine the Register. Furthermore there is clearly too little space in the deleted portion of the entry for the name Robert, although Robin might have been inserted.

It is therefore with some regret that I must conclude that there is no historical evidence that Robert Greene was married at Bart's the Less and that a man so important as he cannot be linked with the history of our great foundation. What I have learned however in these rather superficial investigations is the wealth of historical material which our foundation possesses; most of it untapped and almost all of it unknown. I appreciate however as well as anyone how expensive archivists happen to be. The Parish Register itself is a mine of information. In 1641 many of the officials died and were buried within the Hospital. Yet so far as I know no investigation of this pestilence has been made. The College might perhaps help someday by nominating students with literary inclinations to embark upon such researches.



## EXCERPTS.

*Air Raid Surgery.*

Sir Harold Gillies, who developed the almost unknown art of plastic surgery during the last war, has sacrificed his private practice to become a consultant adviser to the Ministry of Health.

\* \* \*

## MORE ANIMAL PATIENTS.

Animal patients at Bart's have been much in the news in the last few months. Some weeks ago an enormous A.R.P. ambulance rolled into the Hospital and disgorged its contents: a small kitten complaining of an injured paw. It was borne down into the underground ground Surgery by its agitated though attractive mistress; there a bored student, starving for clinical and other experience, immediately had the injured limb X-rayed and set in hyper-extension. We understand he was reprimanded.

\* \* \*

## Did you say this?

The following errors of judgment have been sent us by an examiner in the recent Conjoint Finals.

A candidate was shown a gall bladder containing two stones by a Physician:

"Please sir, is this a medical or a surgical viva?"

A candidate was asked the dose of a drug in the morning viva: "I am very sorry, sir, I do not know, but I thought I was going to be asked about these things in the afternoon."

\* \* \*

## LUNATICS.

The story reaches us from one of our ex-lunatic asylums of the Bart's student who inadvertently became bundled into a van with the lunatics who were being evacuated. He protested a bit: "Look here, I'm a Bart's student!" "That's all right," answered the

driver, "the man next you is the King of Siam!"

From another of these we hear of the Bart's man who was found by the Matron in a compromising position with a nurse. The Matron raised a mild objection and was met with such a torrent of abuse that, we are told, she called the Superintendent of the Asylum and had the man certified.

Actually, wandering round the grounds of these places, the casual observer is very hard put to it to distinguish either from department, language or behaviour, between the patients and our own men.

\* \* \*

*Overheard at a Hospital for Rectal Diseases.*

H.S.: "Will you hand in your dilator as you go out, please?"

Patient: "O doctor, can't I keep it? I like my delight!"

— — —

"You want the best seats, we let you have them."

— — —

"I may not be a gynæcologist but I've seen life."

\* \* \*

And it oughtn't to need a war in order to make a nation paint its kerbstones white, carry rear-lamps on its bicycles, and give all its slum children a holiday in the country . . . However it *has* needed one: which is about the severest criticism our civilisation could have.

MRS. MINIVER,

*The Times*, Sept. 29th.

\* \* \*

Humanity will win it, but unless we create from the winning a world in which it shall be possible once more for men to walk with their heads in the clouds and their feet on the good earth, we lose it in the spirit.

H. J. MASSINGHAM,

*The Field*, Oct. 14th.

*College Appeal Fund.*

The College Appeal Fund has received a further contribution of £1,000 from Sir Milsom Rees.

*Argent etc.*

The only object we can find in the vulgar outpourings of a certain ill-spelt leaflet is a desire for publicity in our own columns. The Publication Committee—described as "grand-motherly"—would however like to deny publicly that any of its members have ever suffered parity.

## THE INVASION.

WE, of the London Fever Hospital, have always been a quiet folk. Life has been a gentle peaceful affair mostly undisturbed by the noisiness around us. The restless incentives that other peoples find so necessary have left us untouched. We have gone about our works in a quiet confident way only faintly aware of the urgent world outside our gates. And it is rather a hurried life outside. At least so we think, because we live in one of the most crowded parts of London surrounded by importantly busy highways and closely set rows of houses. The West End is only ten minutes away; in a few moments we could be in the strengthening atmosphere of Bart's.

Our tastes have been modest. We have enjoyed watching our favourite chestnut tree break in the Spring. On Summer's evenings we have lazily followed our bit of sky moving slowly on. In the darkness of the winter the fireside has been enough for us. The insistent lights of London perplex and frighten us. We walk to our local and occasionally a little further to look at the strangely interesting examples of Early Victorian Islington. We have lived slowly and peacefully.

Then came September 2nd. Everyone was waiting for the inevitable coming of war. We had already said good-bye to our patients—a typhoid or two, an interesting mumps, many chronic consumptives, some of whom we had known for many years, and an odd assortment of diseases to which we had been accustomed. The hospital was empty and we were preparing, with some uncertainty, for a new and more dreadful type of case. Our slightly slow minds realised that life, our life, had changed. We could only faintly imagine how much.

September 2nd was a complete break with the past. On that day we received a telephone message from the C.O. of Sector III that from then onwards fifteen men from Bart's were to come to live with us, help us and work for us. Fifteen men AND from Bart's. It was a meaty thought. Bart's, towering above the Joins of Smithfield, was to us something so big and inaccessible. What sort of men did they breed in those parts? Were they Giants? Did they live solely on raw red meat? Perhaps they even preferred a cut off a human to their normal diet of beefs and

muttons. Would they respect our old-fashioned ways and make allowances for the behaviour of a slightly backward people? We asked ourselves these questions as we looked out, from behind our curtains, at the front gates.

On September 2nd the invasion started. At odd moments and in ones and twos these strange unknown men of Bart's arrived. They were strong, eager, willing and strangely friendly. They accepted what we offered them and unhesitatingly asked for work. Their handshakes were generous and firm. They didn't appear to look at us with the experienced eye of a butcher. They seemed, at least so we thought, to see in us something more than a mere cut off the joint. But again they might be waiting for the two veg. to arrive before starting on us. The first meeting was reassuring, but we were puzzled.

Then they started to work. It was frenzied, tireless work that we had never seen nor are likely ever to see again. The protection of the hospital went ahead like a series of exaggerated film shots. What breath we had left over from the sandbagging was lost in admiration for their work. And then, somewhere about the seventh day, we all rested from sand.

At first we could hardly believe in this new life of rest. We had no other desires than to sleep and to rest weary aching limbs. In a sort of dazed way we seemed to have done with sand. It was a blessed relief not to taste it in our food or feel its roughness in our beer. Slowly the transition passed and, like so many other hospitals, we settled down to wait and wait. As the days passed slowly away this business of waiting became increasingly difficult. How would we deal with this sudden assault of leisure? What could we do to keep these men of Bart's quiet? How could we allay their taste for human sirloins which we still believed they desired? It soon became quite clear that it was not a question of what we would do with them but what they would do with us. Instead of our organising their lives it was a matter of their organising ours; and they did it with the same zest as they used with the sand. They shovelled us on to the tennis court, into the billiard room and on to the ping-pong table—everywhere, in fact, that their desires led them. They

even invaded the sacred precincts of the engine room and shovelled coal. In our lectures they challenged our previously authoritative statements. A strange new life settled in the Fever Hospital and strange new words could be heard of an evening: "Jack Pot," "ante," "Who's light?," "Make it 9/6" began to fascinate and attract us, sometimes successfully, sometimes disastrously. Occasionally we looked over our shoulders at the ghosts of the past, but we didn't really worry. The men of Bart's had absorbed the locals. The invasion was complete. Another bloodless war was over.

We take it all for granted now. We don't notice the barricaded front of the hospital. We don't even question the organisation of

this life of waiting. We have even lost our fear of being next on the menu, though it may return with the coming of rationing. But these men of Bart's have overlooked one thing. They have ordered our lives and organised our hospital but they haven't crushed our spirit. The final word will rest with us. When the Generalissimo of Sector III gives the order for the men of Bart's to move on elsewhere the front gates will be manned and barricaded. The men of Bart's will be unable to go. The locals, with the cunning of the defeated, have decided against it and for a very good reason. They don't happen to want to let these men go. And, as always, the defeated will have the final say.

THE RAJAH.

## SECTOR NEWS.

### HILL END HOSPITAL, ST. ALBANS

#### *Location.*

Hill End and Cell Barnes are both "loony-bins," the latter being designed for more up-stage loonies than the former. They are within a stone's throw of each other on the outskirts of St. Albans and, except for the Cathedral, form by far the best landmark for bombing planes in the immediate locality.

Though late in the season and necessarily handicapped by restrictions on petrol, full use is made of the surrounding countryside which is admirably suited for hedging and ditching. Stud prices remain firm, Matrimonial Deferred having recently risen a clear six points.

#### *Sector Sub-group Personnel.*

All the best people are here, but that should go without saying. And so far the impression has been maintained that we are still civilians. Indeed when the news came through that Geoffrey Keynes was to be gazetted Group Captain, it was not at first realised that this gave him command of more than 250 bombers. To a theatre sister it was obvious why he chose the Air Force: his eyes are blue.

A daily conference is held where the brass hats gather (Geoffrey Evans' deer-stalker may be seen any morning alongside Harold Wilson's bowler) and decide the tremendous trifles which produce such a devil-may-care attitude amongst their junior colleagues.

### *Fun and Games.*

The organisation of things is much the same as at St. Bartholomew's—Firms, lectures, "A.R." etc. Of more interest, however, is the social side of hospital life. We think that we must be one of the few places in the country where dances go on until midnight, but the story going about that playboys from London have been gate-crashing is only partially true.

Romance has flourished like a rank weed and the prophecy made by a wise old bird in the early days of the war has been amply justified. We are not aware of any recent *de jure* engagements but *de facto* cases are plain for all to see. At any rate if they aren't engaged they jolly well ought to be. The Bart's Hill End Social Club is the outcome of a proposal for organising entertainment and sports. It was a stroke of genius that dubbed this the Fun and Games Committee. Strange tales are told of the meeting called to elect representatives of the nursing staff: of how a Very Important Person was booed, of schism amongst the probationers, and of the final unanimous election of Graham (Prunella) Stack. The vast Reception Hall, permanently alive against the coming of The Convoy which never comes, serves also for most excellent concerts of gramophone records, piano recitals and, of course, dances. An orchestra is in embryo.

*Blackout News.*

Sisters are in the news again. It will be recalled that they were first had up on the mat on the charges of appropriating apples. They are now accused of assisting the enemy by failing to black-out their wards. Like the Israelites of old the fact that the materials at their disposal are completely inadequate is held to be no excuse. At first they will only be reprimanded, later they will come before the local beaks: finally, I imagine, they will be shot.

*R. S. Q.*

The Residents have only two occupations—Snooker and arguing about the Ministry of Health. It is now common knowledge from the columns of the press that a situation has arisen which even in a Government department must be considered an almost unprecedented muddle. However, the Sector *gauleiter* is rapidly reaching a solution more or less acceptable to one and all.

*The Mighty Fallen.*

One amusing outcome of the war is to observe the disappearance of the enormous cars of the Staff and see their late owners popping out of what can only be described as beetles.

HOGARTH.

*CELL BARNES, ST. ALBANS.*

13 young men, parasites, were admitted to Cell Barnes Colony on September 1st, 1939, under the care of Dr. Geoffrey Evans assisted by Drs. Reynolds and Tatlow.

*C.o. Hitler.*

*H.P.C.* All was well until 1932 when they began to have hallucinations concerning a little man with a toothbrush moustache and a queer mode of hairdress who wandered around with his hand in the air shouting "Heil." Patients felt quite well in themselves and were able to follow their usual dissipations. The attacks became gradually worse with the introduction of new figures, a stunted man called "Doper" and a fat man hidden by medals called "Herman, butter please." A few major crises which failed to clear up on the exhibition of large doses of "mush" ladled out in umbrellas (a classical remedy B.P. 1939) led to the removal of the patients here *en bloc*. They were placed together

in a large room and attended by two high grade defectives and since admission have all put on weight (except Father A. Ambrose who worries too much) and appear to have become resigned to the thought of a life of ease; there was no difficulty at all in making them understand that they needed rest. Dr. Evans however, imagining the results of too much leisure upon these strained and unformed minds, immediately instituted a form of occupational therapy. About 20 sick people were obtained and placed in Wards 1 and 2 (Harvey and Garrod to you playmates). The 13 patients were then allowed to indulge in their pet pastime of tapping chests, tapping knees, etc. Incidentally, this was a trick to prevent our complement of charmers from Smithfield from playing too much tennis, rounders and other games with the patients, "d'yer see the idea"? They have now settled down very well except for occasional lapses when they escape and disappear mysteriously with large suitcases only to return in a few days looking rather worn out.

*P.H.* All are Bart's men and can be convicted of nothing.

*Systems.*

*C.N.S.* Sleep like logs (except Mr. Cotton who entertains with episodes from his eventful life).

*G.I.S.* Eat too much.

*C.V.S.* Sound in wind and limb.

*Habits.* Smoke 30 cigs./day plus any they can cadge. Drink as much as they can get.

*C.O.E.*

*Physical.* O.K.

*Private Life.* None that we know of.

*Psychological.* There is a marked tendency to wander apparently aimlessly in certain very dark pathways. These nomads give one the impression that they are waiting for somebody to arrive or something to happen; nothing ever does, of course. They return after these excursions with a far-away look in their eyes and go straight to bed. So far, we cannot find an reason for this peculiar behaviour, but we notice pronounced malar flushes at certain meetings that take place. Apart from this the lads are in fine fettle and except for an occasional dust-up the place is as harmonious a little Soviet as ever there was.

J.B.



## EMERGENCY BLOOD SUPPLY DEPOT,

OLD BUTE HOSPITAL, LUTON.

Four motor vans labelled "Wall's Ice Cream," driven by Bart's students, are often to be seen coming and going at this depot. This is not for the nourishment of the expectant mothers above us, as some believed, but is the means of transporting regular emergency supplies of blood to the hospitals of our sector. Some 50 pints are sent out every two weeks and we keep a reserve store in an almost-freezing room that was once the mortuary. Much of the blood is being regularly used for transfusion, but for such as remains uses are found both experimentally and in the preparation of prophylactic measles serum for evacuated school-children. We have also been asked to be ready at short notice to augment the available supplies for the Army, both at home and overseas.

Our small colony, under the governorship of Dr. Brewer, is composed of 6 other medical officers, 5 students, 2 old Bart's nurses and a number of well-known Bart's technicians. Students from the Luton and Dunstable Hospital now join those here for regular tutorials in Medicine.

From the outset we have been lucky in having plenty to occupy us. It was first necessary to encourage the local people to offer their blood, and canvassing has been carried out by visits and speeches to factories and firms, articles in the local press, distribution of posters and pamphlets and (for four days) the use of a shop window where Bart's students mercilessly and repeatedly pricked each other's fingers to encourage onlookers to come in for grouping tests on themselves. We have even thought of asking our nearby Bart's R.A.F. representatives surreptitiously to drop a few leaflets over Luton, but this might lead to complications. So far, however, we have obtained and grouped over 5,000 volunteers.

Grouping tests are held every day in a school clinic and blood is collected according to requirements. Most of the donors seem quite to enjoy giving blood, especially when they find they are not set upon with anaesthetics and knives, as a few of the first ones seemed to anticipate. "Why, it's nicer than having an enema!" as one lady—a Grade A, she said she was—remarked. Only a very few donors have felt in the least faint, mainly, be it said in an undertone, among the males. A positive W.R. has been found in 1%.

Teams are sent out to outlying villages to do grouping tests, and we have collected blood in one case at a factory itself in order to save valuable time spent on Government contracts. Some pathological investigations for our own Sector and for the Luton and Dunstable Hospital are also being done here.

Our quarters seem to have been a hive of carpentering activity. Cupboards, benches, partitions and even a gas-proof dog kennel (which looks as if it would rapidly suffocate any inhabitant) have been turned out in rapid succession. We are now, however, fully established and it is hoped that many groups of students will be able to come in succession to "The Old Bute."

E.C.O.J.

THE LUTON AND DUNSTABLE HOSPITAL,  
LUTON.

There are nine students here: Arango, Andrews, Bell, Baskitt, Gabb, McKelvie, Robertson, Lopez Garcia and Spafford. When we arrived we were rather disconcerted to find that we were totally unexpected. Three gentlemen who arrived early were after much discussion as to their identity permitted to stay the night in a side ward. The next day the remainder of the party arrived and we set about finding billets.

We discovered that we were a rather heterogeneous collection, being drawn from all years of clinical experience and even all nationalities. As to our social side we are progressing, one member of the party being already christened "heart-throb"!

We have established quite a syllabus of lectures and clinics, while four of us are already doing their midwifery, in great luxury, in a brand new midwifery hospital. We are, I think, the farthest out of any Bart's students, the hospital being some three miles from the town, just under the Dunstable Downs.

J.E.G.

## ROYAL CHEST HOSPITAL, E.C.I.

Unfortunately this Hospital was not represented in last month's Journal, but if it has not the thrill-charged atmosphere which may be associated in the imagination of most people with the name of Colney Hatch, its name alone is not bereft of romantic significance to some.

High tribute must be paid to our gallant Nursing Staff here. We cannot enumerate the many ways in which they have adjusted themselves to our presence.



It is on Saturday evenings that the War seems farthest away, and we cease even to wonder what we are here for. For it is then that the butterflies emerge from their starched chrysalises to dance in the bright electric glare; it is then that Mr. Reinold gives the worn and battered grand a new lease of life, and Mr. Cawthorne shows us Mickeys and Westerns on the screen, and the beer flows freely, and Dr. C. S.—is seen dancing "Booms-a-Daisy" in his braces with Sister R—.

But the serious side of life is not neglected. Out-patients and in-patients provide plenty of clinical material, and expert teaching is generously given and gratefully received. The fact that patients are all Heart and Lung cases, and the material therefore somewhat specialized, matters little when one realizes that in no branch of medicine is first-hand acquaintance with the patient more essential to the student.

There are fourteen of us here, housed in two wards. The need for the creation of an atmosphere suitable for comfortable study having gradually forced itself upon us, we have invaded the maids' quarters on the top floor (now deserted) and transformed one of the bare rooms into an admirable eyrie.

The hospital is swarming with newly qualified men now that the Conjoint Finals are over. They had their first real chance the other night to release some of the energy stored up during six years' straining to raise their knowledge potential to the required level. We had a full-dress air-raid rehearsal with "casualties" pouring in every minute, and the skill and deftness with which our new doctors carried stretchers in and out and up and down was a worthy tribute to our noble profession. Further praise should be given to the casualties (recruited from the Army) for bearing this ordeal with such remarkable fortitude. The Opening Night (may it be long delayed!) will find us well-rehearsed and ready.

C.F.M.

#### ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL, N.7.

Gould, Morgenstein, Stanbury and Page made history by qualifying from the Northern. Edmond's success at Surgery will necessitate the erasure of D. F. E. Nash's name from the list of even the Very Minor Prophets.

We have had more practices, very much a matter of painting the lily; what Douglass can't do with a hose is not worth knowing. Coupland assures us that there is no truth in the rumour that he has to be locked out of the hospital every night. That is as may be; there can however be no doubt that there is some slackening of amorous proclivities. Perhaps the protagonists have gone like Alexander to spread their conquests farther afield.

We are a very energetic set: Mail and Sookies are old fashioned enough to play soccer, Karn departs on his bicycle for Hampstead Heath when the fog comes down and the Lord only knows what Barasi and Thomas do with their spare time. Pickering claims to be the last volunteer in England to be still carrying sandbags; he also indulges in horticultural activities.

It must not be thought that we are mere butterflies; we realise, more perhaps than any other hospital in the sector, that life is real and life is earnest. Indeed it is doubtful whether Bart's has ever been able to boast of 30 such earnest seekers after knowledge as ourselves; we have our duties and we carry them out, none with more thoroughness than Zibli; and no doubt a post-mortem examination will reveal the word "Trevor" writ large across the heart of

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

#### LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL.

##### *Sad Story.*

Readers will be most distressed to hear of the sad bereavement suffered by Richard, Laura, Elizabeth-Audrey, Audrey-Elizabeth and James Anstruther, the beloved goldfish of the London Fever Hospital.

Thomas Cecil, the sixth fish, succumbed to an illness supervening on an attempt to inspect the hospital plumbing via the aquarium drain. Recovered by a pair of rat-toothed forceps, he became progressively feeble and his owners regretfully decided on Euthanasia to forestall death by starvation.

Poor fellow! He led a blameless life, and now another—and larger—Thomas Cecil swims the sink that was his home, while he lies in state in a forty ounce bottle.

*Facilis descensus. . .*

J.A.S.

(We regret that a letter from Our Correspondent at Bart's was lost in transit and a new copy was unable to be procured in time for press).

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**One Way of Living.** By James Bridie. (Constable & Sons). Price 8s. 6d.

Dr. O. H. Mavor, M.D., F.R.F.P.S., Glasgow Consultant Physician, is best known to most people as James Bridie, author of "Tobias and the Angel," "The Anatomist" and, more lately, "Storm in a Teacup." In his Autobiography we have the picture of a medical student who was a "bright lad" and did not spend too much time on work; a physician whose chief quality was a keen knowledge of human nature mingled with that most vital gift which Osler calls "Aequanimitas": a very distinguished playwright who did not become distinguished until he was nearly fifty; finally most important of all, a Scotsman who took life as it came and enjoyed it to the full.

His life as a medical student is a great encouragement to those of us who have difficulty with our exams.: he had nine shots at his Anatomy before he finally defeated it. After he had seen the retirement of one professor he wrote this poem to welcome the new one:

Oh, Dr. Bryce, Oh, Dr. Bryce!  
Your predecessor ploughed me twice.  
Oh, Bryce.  
Let twice  
Suffice!

Bryce didn't. But "chronics" must not be unduly encouraged, because Mavor's student life was crammed full of dramatic and intellectual activity, which no doubt laid the foundations of his later literary success.

It may seem surprising that such a good writer could have avoided writing medical reminiscences. In this book very few patients are mentioned at all. Dr. Mavor believes that a doctor is on such terms with his patients that any hint of the histories in which he is taking an active part is an abominable breach of confidence." If he was a patient himself, he states, he would prosecute with the utmost rigour of the law any doctor who "wrote down others' troubles for money and for the entertainment of the vulgar and the inquisitive."

May our medical writers of the future bear in mind these words from a very great man who has succeeded both in medicine and in writing.

**After Many a Summer.** By Aldous Huxley. (Chatto and Windus). Price 7s. 6d.

This book has been described as a parable; in point of fact, far from depicting his synthetic religion through the medium of everyday life, Huxley gives us a bitterly distorted caricature of life—in the rude—mixed rather haphazardly with the philosophical doctrines of which the book is largely composed. The value of these doctrines we should hesitate to discuss: perhaps in some far off era of civilisation they will prove their worth.

Despairingly cynical as he makes himself out to be about our present order, Aldous Huxley still has the power to paint classically funny situations which, if you do not appreciate the philosophy, make the book well worth reading by themselves.

Finally we must quote Dr. Obispo who considers that medical practice is fatal to serious work: "How could you do anything sensible when you had to spend all your time looking after patients?"

**Surgical Diagnosis.** By Stephen Power. (John Wright and Sons). Price 12s. 6d.

This eminently readable book, though not in any way revolutionary, is a neat and comprehensive summary of practical diagnosis of surgical cases.

It contains 50 odd simple illustrations and 15 X-ray plates. The text is mainly useful as a reminder of the various conditions met with in the different anatomical regions and is therefore useful to the S.O.P. dresser, for purposes of revision to the man about to take his Finals, and as a "refresher" to the G.P.

**Technique of Analytical Psychotherapy.** By W. Stekel. (The Bodley Head). Price 21s.

Wilhelm Stekel teaches a modified form of the Freudian psychoanalytical technique. Just how important a knowledge of this subject is to medical men as a whole is still a matter for debate. Stekel himself says "A good doctor is a good doctor because he is a born psychologist," and that doctors, in the role of psychotherapists, "have a mission to fulfil in educating the world's parents and teachers."

But it is a long, difficult and rather depressing subject for the ordinary person. If, as Stekel says, "Psychoanalysis is a mirror of the relations between man and man," then we must believe from this book that sex is the sole purpose and motive of life. We may be deceiving ourselves, but we would rather not believe that entirely.

(We regret that "SPORTS NEWS" has had to be held over).

## Marriages.

**BLACKBURN—BOWES-WILSON.**—On September 27th, 1939, at All Souls, Langham Place, Guy, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Blackburn of Beckenham, to Jean Margaret, younger daughter of the late Lt. Col. J. H. Bowes-Wilson and Mrs. Maxwell, Thorpe Abbots, Diss, Norfolk.

**HEARN—STOTT.**—On Saturday, September 7th, 1939, at the Parish Church, Oxshott, Richard Daniel Hearn to Peggy Heather Stott.

**GABB—SMITH-BUNNEY.**—On Thursday, 12th October, the marriage of Hoadley Gabb to Miss Lucie Smith-Bunney, took place at Guestling Church, near Hastings.

**NEWBOLD—GIRLING.**—On October 7th, 1939, at Farnham, Surrey, John Clifford Newbold to Barbara (Ray) Girling.

## Birth.

**ATTERIDGE.**—On September 30th, 1939, at University College Hospital, to Vera, wife of Wing Commander T. J. D. Atteridge, a daughter.

## Deaths.

**CORNISH.**—On Thursday, October 19th, at The Old House, near Dorking, Sydney Cornish, M.B., B.S., aged 70.

**ECCLES.**—On October 17th, 1939, Margaret Coralie, the dearly loved daughter of W. McAdam Eccles, M.S., F.R.C.S., aged 39.

# CARRYING ON—

## THE MEDICAL SICKNESS SOCIETY

is still issuing policies  
and still paying benefits

**You may be Ill even in Wartime!**

---

*Write for particulars of the Society's present activities, and quote "A.38," to:—*

**The Manager and Secretary,  
THE MEDICAL SICKNESS, ANNUITY  
& LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LTD.  
Lincoln House, 300, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.**

**Tel. No.: HOLBORN 5722**